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ORIGINAL STORY.

EMA WHITE FAWN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION, BY MARIE.

CHAPTER IV.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime, the party who had rescued Henry Werner were quietly and steadily pursuing their way back to the white settlement, and a few hours brought them once more to his once happy home. With heart and feelings wild with emotion, he could scarcely wait to reach it, so anxious was he to know the fate of his poor wife. As they neared the lane which led to the house, they met several of the neighbors, whose frantic and care-worn looks told them something had happened. Poor Henry flew on wings of love, and before they had time to explain, he saw that his own dear home was a heap of ruins.

"Where, oh! where is my wife and child? Kind friends, tell me, I pray? Ah! wretch that I was, to ever leave you!" and sinking exhausted upon the ground, he knew nothing more until he was removed to the house of one of the neighbors, where he was gradually restored to consciousness, and a knowledge of his desolate situation. Sad it was, indeed, to witness his anguish, as he called upon his loved, lost Emma.

"There was a time," said he, "when I could not harm the meanest thing that lives. Wild beast and reptile called forth my natural sympathies; but, in a few short hours I have grown a fiend! Despair and agony have given me strength; henceforth I only live to wreak my vengeance upon that savage race who has despoiled my heart of all that made life desirable. Is there any—even one—of this stout band who will join me? If so, my friend and brother, come, and every savage wretch we kill will sweeten the pangs of anguish which are destined to fill my weary heart."

When he had ceased speaking, a stout and brawny form stepped forth, and grasping his hand, while tears of sympathy were glistening in his eye, he said,

"Yes, my friend; Joe Hardy will jine you, and fight tell every drap of blood he has is spilt to kill them d——d varmints! As I have said before, I have a bitter spite agin 'em, an' it does me good to hunt 'em down. Ah! ef I had but a pack of hell-hounds from the abode of darkness, how I would hunt 'em down, and stand delighted to see 'em torn to pieces and hurled with vengeance into the bottomless pit! I've a right to feel so, my friends. You needn't call me unchristian, an' the like o' that. Hav'n't I seen my own mother killed before my eyes, and my sister too, my only sister, and her helpless baby dashed agin' a tree? Ah! don't call me unchristian. 'An eye for an eye an' a tooth for a tooth,' is what Joe Hardy believes in."—

He was much overcome by his own feelings, for he had touched upon a subject and scenes upon which he seldom dared to speak. He said,

"It made a child of him, and he must stop."

Henceforth he and the unfortunate Henry were to be as brothers; for truly they were, in misery. For the present, they joined the same party and retraced their steps to the forest, hoping to find some clue to the destiny of the wife and child of poor Werner. But all, alas! was vain, for they had no trace of them; they did not even know that they lived, and felt that it was more than probable they were long ere this put to death, especially as it would be risking so much to be encumbered by a woman and child. Sad consolation! but that was the best that could be offered to poor Henry, who little thought that his beloved wife and child, after suffering so much were now protected and cared for by the horrid creatures against whom their vengeance was aimed. They scoured the country, and met several straggling parties of Indians, whom they shot down like wolves; every one of which Joe Hardy would stop to scalp, that he might add them to his pile. At length the hunters were out of ammunition, and obliged to return, and Henry and Joe accompanied them only to get a fresh supply, and then pursue a different route, in hopes of yet hearing from the loved and lost.

"But it's no use hopin'," said Joe to his friend, "them d——d varmints ain't goin' to be bothered with wimmen and childern, and all [illegible] cognized him again, in the gloomy, morose hunter in his leather jacket, with his powder flask at his side and his gun upon his shoulder. He was never seen to smile, and his thoughts were seemingly forever bent upon one single object. With his companion, equally as stern, and far more wild, he dwelt in the woods, and shunned the abode of the living. For weeks, and even months together, they would roam, solitary and alone, regardless of danger, because they had nothing for which to live. Henry would often say,

"How strange it seems, that we may now plunge into the deepest forest, where dangers must surely lurk, and even court it, and beckon it on, but nothing befalls us, while, one bright and lovely day, in the very midst of friends, all, all could be taken from us."

He often tried, in the bitterness of his heart, to be resigned, but he could not feel how it was that he should have been so severely scourged. Then, he reflected upon his rashness, in bringing a young and delicate wife, whom he loved so dearly, into the very wilds of the savage foe. Dark and bitter was his life. For years and years he dwelt with his single companion, and scarce speaking to any one else more than a passing word. At length growing weary of their search, and that portion of the country becoming every year more civilized they concluded to join a party of trappers, whom they encountered *en route* for Santa Fe; for civilization had no charms for them, and they pined for a deeper forest in which to bury their gloom.

CHAPTER VII.

Weary and fatigued, how gladly did poor Emma lay herself upon the pallet of straw which the friendly squaw had prepared for her, and sweetly did she sleep that night, for she dreamed of her home and her Henry. It was late, the next morning, when she awoke and found her darling babe still asleep upon her arm. The old squaw brought her some fresh milk and the best she had to eat, which greatly refreshed her, and her physical strength was soon restored by the kindness she received in the old chief's wigwam.

Soon after she arose, the old chief (who was known by the name of "*Big Thunder*," because of his eloquence and great influence in their councils) entered, and placing a string of wampum around her neck and giving her his pipe to smoke, he told her, in broken English, that she should not be harmed, and that the "White Fawn" must be taken care of because the Great Spirit had sent her to him for the little one he had lost.

"She is prettier too," he said, "than little Injun, and shall be called the White Fawn, because she is to be the daughter of the great and mighty Big Thunder."

It was a great consolation to poor Emma to be treated kindly, and to see that her child had won, in its innocent beauty, upon the heart of the chief, and could but hope that her life was spared to see happier days, and yet be restored to her beloved husband. It was but a faint hope yet it helped to cheer her on in her lonely existence. Day after day she witnessed the growing beauty of her child, and would sit, by the hour, and endeavor to trace in its lineaments a resemblance to the husband of her heart's idolatry.

"Perfect happiness," thought she, "cannot exist in this world. I made an idol of my own Henry, and I was idolized. Our all was laid at an earthly shrine, and can it be that we were punished because we loved too well? God of Mercy, no! it cannot be that the holiest and purest of nature's ties could be too deep and too devoted — Oh! from my inmost heart I have ever felt the beauty of the marriage vow; its purity and truth. Thy word has taught it, and a holy instinct confirms it."

Time rolled on, and the red men, tired of keeping up a continual warfare against the whites, remained for a while passive, amusing themselves with their wild fantastic sports, and with hunting and fishing, while the squaws were left at home, to perform the menial labors of life.—Nearly five years had passed away, and the White Fawn had grown to be a sturdy, hale little Indian girl, in appearance, and in her pretty dress of deer skin, ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, and her belt of wampum, and head gear of white feathers, she looked like a miniature Indian queen, as she really was considered by all in the camp. She was too young to comprehend her situation, and all to her seemed bright and beautiful. Thus she grew happy and more happy every day. In the happiness of her child poor Emma tried to seek consolation. But the thought that by ignorance alone she could continue happy, and that she must dwell forever in the deep forest with Indians only, almost drove her to distraction.—Then she would commit herself to the Almighty Ruler of the universe, and trust that through His providence they would be rescued before her child had attained to years of maturity.—But, poor Emma! even her prosperity was not secure, for she trembled when she thought of Big Injun, who had resigned her, with no little displeasure, to his chief, and had repeatedly asked her for his wife. For a long time he had been absent, and she began once more to feel free from that terror which his presence at the camp always created. It was her custom to wander forth for hours at a time, and commune with Nature and Nature's God. The vast wilderness her sacred temple was. The forest birds and zephyr's breeze combined to chant with her Jehovah's praise. And trees, and birds, and flowers were all she had to worship with at Nature's holy shrine.

The hollow glen its pure response would give,
And purling brooks in silvery tones reply;
While songs and praise of every thing that lived,
Were borne by seraphs upward to the sky.

In one of these wild and solitary communings with Nature, seated in the vast forest, and overcome by the deep sorrow of her devoted heart, she at last fell a victim to him who of all others she mostly feared; for her former captor, Big Injun, had determined, in his envenomed heart, to have the prize he so eagerly had claimed, and knowing that it would be impossible to get her from his chief, against her will, he had absented himself [illegible] lulling them all into fatal [illegible] construeing these roads over vast tracts of the public domain, which are locked [illegible] they did, no enemy was be[illegible] had lurked around her old and [illegible] without the desired success; for often she was accompanied by the White Fawn, from whom she was seldom separated; and not wishing to be encumbered with the child, and knowing that it would render escape more difficult, he waited in impatient anxiety for a time when all alone she should come to her deep solitude to indulge in pouring out the sorrows of her breaking heart. The time at length arrived which was to envelop the lovely Emma in fresh trials, and secure to the demon of vengeance his noble prize.

The day was calm and beautiful. The autumnal breeze fanned her pale cheek with its soft, balmy breath, and the 'sear and yellow leaf' told her that she, too, was passing away to the better land; and Oh! how she longed to be released from the wild existence which had been thrown around! and soar away and be at rest. Her stricken heart was attuned alone to grief, and her darling child was all that kept alive a spark of hope within her breast.

Suddenly she was aroused from her dreamy reverie, and, horrible to relate, her hated enemy stood before her. Without a moment's delay, he bound her, and placing her on a swift-horse which he had near, darted into the midst of the forest, regardless of her prayers and supplications, for all earth could not have penetrated his heart of stone, now that he had reached the goal of all his desires, and like the proud eagle, bearing higher and still higher to his far off eyrie the trembling dove, he swept o'er mountain and through fen. Nor was his progress retarded by mountain streams, but on he dashed, little heeding the agonized groans and unconscious moans of the lost, unfortunate Emma. At last, as night approached, he concluded to rest, and stopping in a wild and mountain region, he struck a fire, and discovering a dark cavern, he thought best to make that a present place of abode, sure that no human eye could there discover them. There, in that awful spot, poor Emma begged for death once more to come to her rescue; but, left to the pitiless and cruel savage, she could only pray for strength to endure on to the last. Spreading for her his blanket, and using the precaution of binding her fast to a log for fear she might escape, he bade her rest while he would go in search of some food. Oh! how she wished for some wild and ravenous beast of the forest to come while he was gone, and destroy her at once, for better, far better, so to perish, than fall into the hands of such a wretch.

"Oh God!" she exclaimed, "my cup of woe is full. Now, in deep despair I resign myself to thee. How much longer can this suffering body endure, or this frenzied brain inhabit reason's throne?"

At last, overcome by grief and despair, she lay calmly and quietly, expecting every moment when she would hear the hated footsteps of her captor, when, in the stilly silence of the forest she thought she heard the murmuring of distant voices.

In an instant hope irradiated her bosom, and she prayed that it might be a friendly arm sent by that God whom she had so often invoked for aid, in her great perils.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "could I but burst these fetters and reach the outlet to this cavern, I might make them hear me. Rather would I fall into the hands of the wildest banditti, than be left alone to this horrid savage."

Nearer and still nearer the sound approached, till there was no doubt but several persons were coming towards the cave, and she could at last distinguish voices, and her own beloved language caught her ear. Frantic with joy, she screamed with hysterical delight, and in a moment more she saw several figures approach the mouth of the cavern by the dim light of a torch which they carried before them.

"Here, Ned, why the devil don't you hold the light this way? I tell you it's right here in the cave that I heard the voice. It was a female in distress, and I know it."

"Yes," replied his companion, "it was a panther you heard, and if you want to risk your life in looking after it, you can take the torch and go it; but you don't git this chap, I say."

"Oh! God!" cried Emma; "thou hast heard my prayer; save, oh! save me, whoever you be, from the savage foe who has has me here bound a prisoner."

In a moment more the suffering Emma was kindly released from her cords, and found herself in the presence of several sturdy mountaineers, to whom she committed herself—"for whatever you are," said she, "I feel that you are surely sent to be my protectors, and save me from that vile and hateful Indian."

(*To be continued.*)

MONT BLANC.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

(*Continued.*)

The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Goute, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me, that, spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realization of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling, that, now our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid, and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints,—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its color from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was tinged with [illegible] silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for me to pass the night in such a remote, eternal, and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling. A vast untrodden region of cold, and silence, and death, stretched out, far and away from us, on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

It was twenty minutes to twelve when the note of preparation for our second start was sounded. Tairraz shook up the more drowsy of the guides, and they were soon bustling about, and making their arrangements for the work before us. They had not much to carry now. Everything, with the exception of a few bottles of wine, some small loaves, and two or three cold fowls, was to be left on the Grands Mulets: there was no danger of theft from passers-by, as Carrier observed. This quarter of an hour before midnight was, I think, the heaviest during the journey. Now that we were going to leave our lodging, I did feel uncommonly tired; and wild and rugged as it was, I began to think the blankets and wrappers looked very comfortable in the ruddy firelight, compared to the glooming desert of ice before us. The moon was still low—that is to say, the light on the mountain had not come farther down than the top of the Aiguille du Goute, so that we were in comparative darkness. Three or four lanterns were fitted up with candles; and Jean Tairraz had a fine affair, like a Chinese balloon, or more truly the round *lampions* used in French illuminations, only larger; and this he tied behind him to light me as I followed. Michel Devouassoud took the lead; we came after him with regular numbers of guides, each traveler having a lantern carried before him, and then another guide or two, lightly laden. In this order, in single file, we left the Grands Mulets—not by the scrambling route of our arrival, but by the upper portion of the rocks, where we descended at once, in a few feet, to the snow. As we passed the upper Mulets, we heard our Irish follower "keeping it up" by himself in most convival fashion, and singing "God save the Queen" to his guide. Soon afterwards we saw his lantern glimmering on our traces; and the light of the second aspirant was also visible, moving about before his start.

The snowy side of Mont Blanc, between the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges near the summit, is formed by three gigantic steps, if they may be so called, one above the other, each of which is many hundred feet high. Between each is a comparatively level platform of glacier; and the topmost of these, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Its position can be made out very well from Chamouni with the naked eye. Up these slopes our road lay; and for more than two hours we followed one another in silence—now trudging over the level places, and now slowly climbing, in zigzag, up the steeps. Very little talking went on, for we knew that we should soon need all our breath. The walking here, however, was by no means difficult: for the snow was hard and crisp, and we made very good progress, although, for a long time, we saw the red speck of fire, far below us, gleaming on the Grands Mulets. The stars were out, and the air was sharp and cold, but only disagreeably biting when the lightest puff of wind came. This was not very often, for we were sheltered on all sides by the heights and *aiguilles* around us.

The march from the Mulets to the foot of the Grand Plateau was the most unexciting part of the journey. It was one continuous, steadily ascending tramp of three hours and a half—now and then retracing our footmarks with a little grumbling, when it was found, on gaining the neck of a ridge of snow, that there was an impracticable crevice on the other side; but the general work was not much more than that of ascending the Mer de Glace, on your route to the Jardin. Whenever we came to a stand-still, [illegible] never fails. This invention has contributed much to dissipate those fears and strengthen our hopes. By this wonderful discovery, (for truly [illegible] tites were not very remarkable in spite of all our work; but a lacthern cup of St. George put a little life and warmth into us, for we were chilled with the delay, and it was now intensely cold. We also saw the other lanterns approaching, and we now formed, as it were, one long caravan. Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn, to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual frost, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight, from the Dome du Goute, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right was the summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and as inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf, yawning in the ice of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr. Hamel's guides; and in whose depths, ice-bound and unchanged, they are yet locked. Tairraz crept close to me, and said, through his teeth, almost in a whisper—"C'est ici, Monsieur, que mon frere Auguste est peri en 1820, avec Balmat et Carrier: les pauvres corps sont encore la bas!—ca me donne de peine, toujours, en traversant la Plateau; et la route est encore perilleuse." "Et les avalanches?" I asked.—"tombent elles toujours?" "Oui, Monsieur, toujours—nuit et jour. Le plutot passe, mieux pour nous!"

In fact, although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a clip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of a horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the most utter unimportance to everybody.

At last we got under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then we were in comparative safety; since, were an avalanche to fall, they would turn its course on to the plateau we had just quitted. A small council was assembled there. The Irishman, who had got a little ahead of us, was compelled to give in—he was done up and could go no farther. Indeed, it would have been madness to have attempted it, for we found him lying on the snow, vomiting frightfully, with considerable hemorrhage from the nose. I think this must have been about the same elevation at which young Mr. Talfourd was compelled to give in, in 18—. I told our poor companion that he must not think the worse of us for leaving him there, with his guide, as unfortunately we could do nothing for him; but I recommended him to go back as speedily as he could to the Grands Mulets, where he would find everything that he might require. He took this advice, and, indeed, we found him still at the rock, on our return.

As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rouges we came into the full moonlight; and, at the same time, far away on the horizon the red glow of daybreak was gradually tinging the sky, and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had nothing of the sunset glories of the Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark boundless space a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain-top. Whilst this was going on, other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then the silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until the grey hazy ocean lighted up into hills and valleys, and irregularities, and the entire world below warmed into the glow of sunrise. We were yet in gloom, shadowed by the Aiguille Sans Nom, with the summit of Mont Blanc shut out from us by the Rochers Rouges; but, of course, it must have been the earliest to catch the rays.

We [illegible] pendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be clipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. The cords came into requisition again; and we went along, leaning very much over to our right, and, I must say, paying little attention to our guides, who were continually pointing out spots for us to admire—the Jardin, Monte Rosa, and the Col. du Geant—as they became visible. It took us nearly half an hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul, towards the upper part of the Mer du Glace—the reverse of the view the visitor enjoys from the Jardin.

(*To be Continued.*)

From the Republican.

Missouri Railroads.

When, on Thursday, the 19th ult., the House of Representatives resumed the consideration of the motion to refer to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union the bill granting the right of way and a portion of public lands to aid in the construction of certain railroads in the State of Missouri, Mr. MILLER took the floor, and ably defended the interests of his State. His remarks, though confined to a few words, will be found to abound in interesting statements, and to exhibit an impregnable barrier to all the attacks which local interests elsewhere can bring against the motion.

Mr. Moore, of Louisiana, also defended the measure, and, in the course of his remarks, gave some personal reminiscenses in regard to the commerce of the Mississippi. The observations of the eloquent gentleman will be found subjoined.

Mr. Miller addressed the House, and, among other things, adverted to the fact that, since the first acquisition of territory by this government to the present day, the question of the disposition of the public lands has elicited much discussion in the halls of Congress, in which the strongest intellect has been exercised, and brighter pages added to the political history of our country. While, however, statesmen have differed, grants of land have been made for purposes similar to that contemplated by the bill. Although the State which he has the honor to represent has been somewhat tardy in the commencement of such works, yet she has never involved her credit, nor surrounded herself with embarrassments by engaging in wild schemes of internal improvements. She does not now come forward asking for aid to promote local interests, but, under a consciousness of the justice of her claim, for a great national work, in which every section of the Union is interested. [illegible] He stated [illegible] tribal, and [illegible] other [illegible] ern line of the State of Missouri; and explained their connexion with other lines of railroads, which would connect the great west with the Atlantic States; thus opening up markets advantageous to both sections and to the Union. That from St. Louis was commenced on the fourth of July last, and will cost six millions of dollars. Of this amount four millions are available, or two-thirds of the entire sum necessary for the purpose of constructing the road, forty miles of which are under contract, at twenty thousand dollars a mile, and which will be completed on the first of January, next. And Missouri now asks a portion of the public domain within her limits to aid in these great works of improvement. Out of a domain of fourteen hundred millions of acres, Missouri has only received five hundred thousand for internal improvements. Of the forty-three millions of acres of land in that State, twelve millions only have been sold, leaving thirty-one millions within her borders.

Mr. Moore said that fifty one years ago he descended the Mississippi river. The great valley of the Mississippi contained but a few thousand souls, and flat-boats conveyed the whole of their produce to market. In 1812 he saw the first steamboat touch at the levee in New Orleans. Now a thousand palaces are afloat on that mighty stream, moving as if by magic; and ten millions of souls occupy the Mississippi valley. In 1851 the products and commerce of the valley were estimated at $220,000,000; and the exports, domestic alone, from New Orleans, $67,000,000. In view of all that he stated, he said that he was proud of being a pioneer and a citizen of this glorious Union. If he should live ten years longer, he expected to see a railroad extending to the western limits of Texas; and he anticipated that the day will come when the trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be made in forty-eight hours. In conclusion, he spoke of the benefits generally consequent upon the construction of railroads, which make every inch of land through which they run worth tenfold their original value.

The Committee on Commerce of the House, is busily engaged in preparing a harbor and river bill. It will be much more limited than the bill of last Congress, being strictly confined to works of national importance, and the larger rivers and harbors.

The Committee on Foreign affairs of the House, is considering our foreign policy. Mr. Baily is desirous of making a strong non-intervention report: but the committee can not agree upon it, and the prospect is that no report will be made.

It was a nomination for Judge of Minnesota, not Utah, which was before the Senate yesterday.

The Utah nominations have not been sent in.

The Missouri land bill, before the House, will meet with a good deal of difficulty, from the supposition that Mr. Hall, of Missouri, the chairman of the committee, has displayed great illiberality towards similar measures for other States, dictating what kind of improvements they [illegible] The Springfield Republican tells a story of a somewhat eccentric lawyer, who being engaged in defending a hard case, and not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding [illegible] was alarmed the first chance [illegible] sensitive in Congress, and F. H. Norton second choice, and James M. Hughes, for Governor, and Robert E. Acock for Lt. Governor. When we consider that Col. Benton and Governor King were both on the ground; the latter making two speeches and that Judge Birch still procured the nomination, we are led to exclaim "how are the mighty fallen." The day has been when a word from Col. Benton would have crushed Judge Birch to the earth; now it is different. He cannot find 50 men in Clay county that will endorse his friend Gov. King. Judge Birch's friends may well rejoice in the complete discomfiture of Governor King. If the Governor has any shame left in him he will go to Jefferson City and attend to the business for which he is drawing a salary; or resign his office. We are neither the friends of Birch or King. We utterly repudiate both, and the principles they hold.—Liberty Tribune.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE IN MARYLAND.—The Whig State Central Committee of Maryland have adopted resolutions expressing their pleasure at the announcement that President Fillmore has decided to allow his name to be presented as a candidate for the next Presidency, and declaring him to be the first and unanimous choice of the Whig party in Maryland.

We see it stated that BARNUM is on the stump in Connecticut. He assails Gov. Seymour and the Democrats (claiming to be one) on the ground of their hostility to coercive temperance legislation. He wants no State office, he says, but would accept a place in either House of Congress.—Republican.

The trial of [illegible] the slander suit between Judge Birch and Col. Benton, was the next case for trial on Wednesday last, and was exciting an intense interest among the [illegible] and rottens. We will try and give a report in our next number. Col. Benton was upon the ground in excellent health, and seemingly anxious for fight.—Western Reporter, 20th ult.